

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst looke.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy ioung, thy wit,
Which like a Vfuror abound'st in all:
And v'st none in that true v'st indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow periturie,
Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilless Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowse thee man, thy *Juliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slewest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy.
The law that threatend death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
But like a misshapen and sullen wench,
Thou putt'st vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,
To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
My Lord he tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reui'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, he find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue fallne out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, she's not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of wo, afford no times to woo:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow,
To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauinesse.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wednesday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha well Wednesday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hee,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Enter *Romeo* and *Juliet* aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierc'd the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomegranate tree,
Beloeue me *Loue*, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the Morn:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious fireakes
Do lace the feuring Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and to-morrow day
Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be true, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.

He say you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cymbeline* brow.

Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
The vaulty heauen so high about our heads,

I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.

How oft my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, he hence be gone away:

It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.

Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;

This doth not so: for she diuiderh vs.

Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,

O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt's vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and idly growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter *Madam* and *Nurse*.

Nur. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Jul. Art thou gone for? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,

For in a minute there are many dayes,

O by this count I shall be much in yeares,

Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no oportunitie,

That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.

Jul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,

Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so lowe,

As one dead in the bottom of a Tombe,

Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:

Drie sorrow drinke our blood. Adue, adue.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:

For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,

But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Jul. Who is't that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.

Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euen more weeping for your Cozins death?

What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?

And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:

Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,

But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad. So shall you fee the losse, but not the Friend

Which you weepe for.

Jul. Feeling to the losse,

I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.

Lad. Well, Griefe, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.

Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder:

God pardon, I doe with all my heart:

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.

Jul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands

Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.

Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,

Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,

Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied

With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead

Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vent:

Madam if you could find out but a man

To beare a poyson, I would temper it;

That *Romeo* should vpon receipt thereof,

Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors

To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him;

To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,

Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.

But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

Jul. And ioy comes well, in such a needie time;

What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child:

One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,

Hath sort'd out a sudden day of ioy,

That thou expects not, nor I looke not for.

Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,

The Countie *Paris* at Saint Peters Church,

Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.

Jul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride;

I wonder at this hast, that I must wed

Ere he that should be Husband comes to woo:

I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,

I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I swear

It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate

Rather then *Paris*. These are newes indeed.

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter *Capulet* and *Nurse*.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew

But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,

It raines downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?

Euen more showing in one little body?

Thou counterfeit'st a Barke, a Sea Wind

For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,

Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is

Saying in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,

Who raging with the teares and they with them,

Without a sudden calme will ouer set

Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?

Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

Lady. I sir;

But she will none, she giues you thanks;

I would the foole were married to her graue.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,

How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought

So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegrome

Jul. Not proud you haue;

But thankfull that you haue:

Proud can I neuer be of what I haue;

But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue:

Cap. How now?

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?

Proud, and I thanke you, and I thanke you not;

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But settle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,

To